A

COLLECTION

OF

ENGLISH, SCOTS,

AND

IRISH SONGS

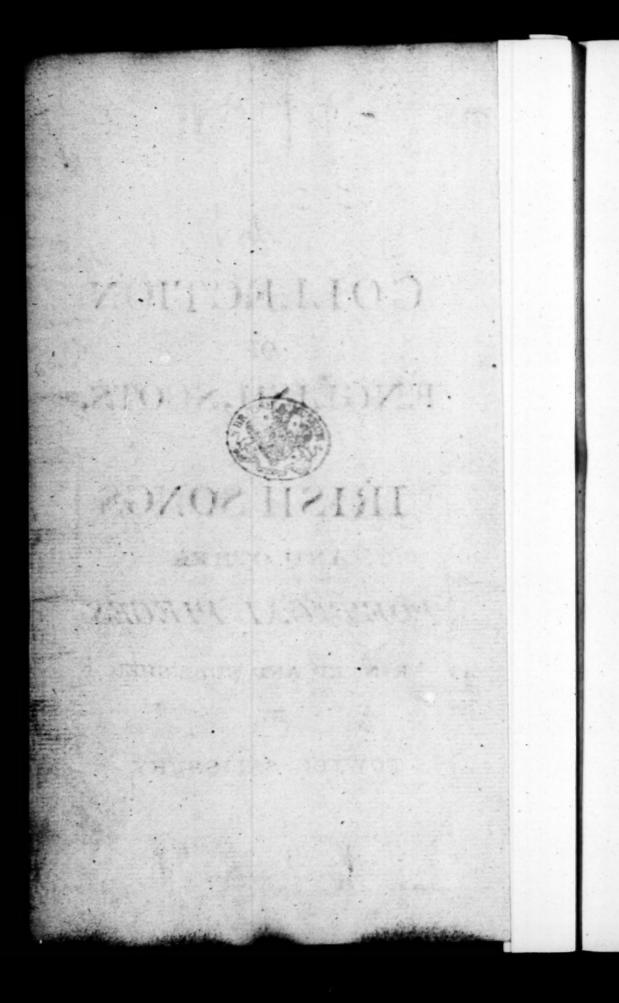
AND OTHER

POETICAL PIECES

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

BY

FOWLER, SALISBURY.





A NEW SONG.

Wrote by a Gentleman of Southampton, on a Lady leaving that Place.

Tune-Gramachree Molly.

NO more by Itchin's filver streams,
With pleasure do I stray,
Or seek delight among the banks
Where Anton's Naiad's play;
Nor music can my fancy charm;
Its statt'ring joys are o'er!
For Lissy now is sted away,
And pleasure is no more.

Refreshing dews the Queen of Morn Now scatters o'er the broom, Which, warm'd by Phœbus' vivid ray, Sheds forth a rich perfume; Yet richer, sweeter are the lips Of her whom I adore; But now, alas! she's sled away, And pleasure is no more.

I'll feek the folemn, still retreat,
Where Netley ancient stood;
In melting murmurs tell my tale
Unto the chrystal stood:
Whilst Echo shall the plaintive strain
Unto my heart restore;
For Lissy now is fled away,
And pleasure is no more.

Oh! Cupid, teach the lovely maid.

My paffion to believe;

I fwear by all the pow'rs above,

I mean not to deceive!

Would heaven but grant me her I love,

I'd alk no greater flore;

But now my Liffy's fled away,

And pleasure is no more.

Were I possess of all the wealth
The Eastern climes afford,
Or were the earth, the air, and seas,
Obedient at my word,
I'd yield the prize, and at her feet
The pompous riches pour;
But now my Lissy's sted away,
And pleasure is no more.

May heav'n, indulgent, hear my pray'r,
And fend her to my arms;
Return her fafe to Anton's plains,
With all her blooming charms;
'Til then, I'll frown on fortune's fmiles,
And feorn her glitt'ring show'r,
For now my Liffy's fled away,
And pleasure is no more!